

# 2Pac Lyrics

"Intro/Bomb First (My Second Reply)"  
(feat. Outlawz)

[\*crowd noise\*]

[Press release:]

In today's music news: The ever-controversial 2Pac Shakur has just released another album under the alias "Makaveli".

Music insiders are running wild trying to rearrange other artists' street dates in fear of a wipeout in retail interchart movement.

Although no one knows the exact cause of the new album resources tell me a number of less fortunate rappers have joined together in conspiracy to assassinate the character of not only Mr. Shakur, but of Death Row Records as well.

Nas, the alleged ring leader, is furious at 2Pac—excuse me—Makaveli's verbal assault on Mobb Sleep, Notorious P.I.G., and several other New York rappers.

Jay Z, from "Hawaiian Sophie" fame, Big Little whatever and several other corny sounding motherfuckers are understandably shaken up by this release.

The question everybody wants to know is:

Why'd they get this nigga started? 2Pac—rather Makaveli—was not available for comment, but released this statement:

[2Pac talking:]

It's not about East or West

It's about niggas and bitches, power and money, riders and punks – which side are you on?

[\*gunshots followed by several encroaching footsteps\*]

These niggas is still fucking talking?

You niggas still breathing? Fucking roaches, aight

Aight, it's the Raid for you cockroaches

Punk motherfuckers, this is it (Makaveli The Don)

Killuminati Style (all day) (up in your ass)

(Bomb first) (Outlaw Ridahz) Solo Shit, Bring it!

[2Pac:]

Allow me to introduce first: Makaveli the Don

Hysterical, spiritual lyrics like The Holy Qur'an

Niggas get shook like 5-0

My .45 is next to me when we ride for survival

Money-making plans, pistol close at hand, swollen pockets

Let me introduce the topic, then we drop it

Expose snakes 'cause they breed freely

See me ride! Located worldwide like the art of graffiti

I think I'm tougher than Nitti, my attitude is shitty

Born on a dope fiend's titty

In every city you'll find me

Look for trouble right behind me

My Outlaw niggas down to die for me

Know what I mean? I hit the scene

Niggas ducking from my guillotine stare

I'm right there, my every word a fucking nightmare

Get me high, let me see the sun rise and fall

This for my dogs down to die for y'all  
Extreme venom, no mercy when we all up in 'em  
Cut 'em down, to hell is where we send 'em  
My whole team; trained to explode, ride or die  
Murder motherfuckers lyrically and I'm not gonna cry  
Me; a born leader, never leave the block without my heater  
Two big pits, I call them "my bitch-nigga eaters"  
And not a whimper until I'm gone  
Thug Life running through my veins, so I'm strong  
Bye bye bye, let's get high and ride  
Oh, how do we do these niggas, but I'm not gonna cry  
I'm a Bad Boy killer, Jay-Z die too  
Looking out for Mobb Deep, nigga, when I find you  
Weak motherfuckers don't deserve to breathe  
How many niggas down to die for me? Yay-yay  
West Coast rider, coming right behind ya  
Should have never fucked with me  
I want money, hoes, sex and weed  
I won't rest until my road dog's free; bomb first

[2Pac:]

We bomb first when we ride  
Please, reconsider before you die  
We ain't even come to hurt nobody tonight  
But it's my life or your life, and I'ma bomb first  
We bomb first when we ride  
Please reconsider before you die  
We ain't even come to fight tonight  
But it's my life or your life, and I'ma bomb first

[E.D.I. Mean:]

For so many days, in so many ways  
We've been ducking strays they delivers  
But still we some Bad Boy killers  
Got nothing to lose, I gots nowhere to go  
I only got one home, see me stranded on Death Row  
With Outlawz, it's Makaveli be the general  
And I be a soldier on a mission  
Sent to do what you'll never do  
And that's ride for the cause, yes, I'll die for the cause  
You best believe, if I'ma leave this bitch  
Yo, I'm dying with yours  
Kamikaze, sicker than a motherfucking Nazi  
Got a little question for that nigga that made "Paparazzi"  
If you ain't in this rap game  
For the motherfucking cash, mane  
Then what is your motherfucking purpose?  
Non can serve us  
E.D.I. Mean, born worthless  
That's until the day I decided to bomb first, bitch

[2Pac:]

Biatch! Come on, bring it, down with it!  
Then we ride  
Come on, bring it  
Bomb first then we ride

Hey, get that nigga!

*[Young Noble:]*

Your style wack as ever, like you was rocking patent leather  
Causing massive terror, y'all niggas lack, you ain't thorough  
    Half rapper, half drug kingpin  
    You're telling fairy tales, dunn  
"King of New York" like you the motherfucking one?  
    But I'm from Jers' and we don't play that shit  
From the Clare down to North Bricks, all my niggas flippin' chips, gettin' rich, even though it's hard  
    Trying to creep through these halls and brawls  
    Without scarred by a revolve  
With no warning signs, 'cause yo, my man took five  
Now I'm the young one with the 9 ready to put in my time

*[2Pac:]*

Shoot first, look at their head, burst bleeding  
Don't want to hear no shit this evening, believe me  
    We bomb first when we ride  
    Please reconsider 'fore you die  
    G's and thug niggas on the rise  
Plan, plot, strategize, and bomb first  
    We bomb first when we ride  
    Please reconsider 'fore you die  
    G's and thug niggas on the rise  
Plan, plot, strategize, and bomb first

*[Start of "Hail Mary"]*

Let us pray, my niggas  
For we have definitely sinned

Thanks to scorpius66duece for correcting these lyrics.